NUMB. XXVIII.

Heraclitus Ridens.

A Diſcourſe between JEST and EARNEST concerning the TIMES.

To be continued Weekly.

THURSDAY ~~July~~. 1718. August 7.

Jeſt. I Forgot to tell you in our laſt, that ſeveral Gentlemen at the *Grecian* Coffee-houſe in *Devereux* Court, made Tenders of their Service to you, and that Dr. *T——l* in particular, ſhew'd a more than ordinary Deſire to be employ'd in the Work you have excluded ſo many Authors from.

Earneſt. Hoc incluſi Ligno occultantur Achivi. That's a Houſe for none of our Purpoſe. *George Conſtantine*'s Cuſtomers are altogether on the other Side of the Queſtion; and you might as well have taken down Mr. *Syke*'s Name, with his Four Letters to Dr. *Sherlock*, for an Advocate of the Church eſtabliſh'd, as the Doctor, who has no more Eſteem for the Rites of it, than his fat Houſe-keeper in *Bedford-Court*.

Jeſt. Nay then, you may ſay as much of the Author of the Letter to the *Free-thinker*.

Earneſt. Why ſhould I not? ſince it has full as evil a Tendency as that Paper it ſelf, and appears to be written by the very Perſon that uſhers it into the World, who for want of other Mens Commendations, writes a Panegyrick upon himſelf, under the borrow'd Name of *Eubolus*, a Gentleman of the *Temple*.

Jeſt. That's a Method frequently in uſe with a Bookſeller near the *Bar*, who writes Letters to himſelf from the Poetical Club at *Oxford*, and then puts them in Print by way of Advertiſement. But Authors apart for a while, ſince whatſoever Aſpect our *Political* Affairs may wear, our *Eccleſiaſtical* Conſtitution ſtands in little or no need of them, while our *Daws*, *Hoopers*, *Atterburies*, *Smallridges*, *Gaſtrels*, *Sherlocks*, and *Snapes*, are the Buttreſſes and Supports of it. What think you of a certain Advertiſement of a Horſe-Race to be run on the 3d of *September* next in *Aylesbury Meadows*, with an *N. B.* that is realy deſerving of Notice, 'That the Owner of the winning Horſe ſhall be oblig'd to take the *Abjuration Oath*, before he can demand the Plate.'

Earneſt. What ſhould I think, but that his Grace the D. of *Wharton*, that caus'd it to be inſerted, is no Friend to the Pretender?

Jeſt. An unlucky Wag of an Acquaintance of Mine, upon View of it, took upon him to obſerve, that the Day on which this Plate is to be

be run for, is the Anniverſary of *Oliver Cromwell*'s the Uſurper's Death; a Day, which ſome Sort of People, in a certain Intereſt, are not over fond of making themſelves merry in, and to be pleaſant with the Circumſtances of it, gave me this Quotation from a Ballad of *Joe. Haines*'s, called the Royal Regiment.

The Lieutenant Colonel being thrown by his Jennet,
His Son-in-Law *fancying ſome Treachery in it,*
Gave the Oaths *to the* Horſe, *which the Beaſt took*
they ſay,
But ſwore by the Lord they went down like Chop'd
Hay.

Earneſt. That Acquaintance of yours might have kept his Rhimes to himſelf, ſince Oaths are of too ſerious a Nature to be thus made a Jeſt of. Tho' I muſt own this to be the very firſt Horſe-Race, whereat any one was enjoin'd to be taken. But to call another Cauſe, what News have you?

Jeſt. We are told from abroad, that tho' the Peace of *Paſſarowitz* is concluded, and our Fleet is ſailed from Port *Mahon* to obſerve the Motions of the *Spaniards*; that the *Muſcovite* on one Hand, is reſolved to hinder the Execution of the Emperor's Mandate againſt the Duke of *Mecklenberg*, and the *Heſſian*, on the other, has already repell'd Force by Force, as to that on Foot againſt the Landgrave of that Name, ſo that a new War ſeems to be unavoidable, on the Anvil, on both Sides of the Empire, which may bring other Princes into it. We are likewiſe given to underſtand, that the Poſture of Affairs in *Poland* tends more and more to a new Revolution in Favour of King *Staniſlaus*, the *Ruſſians* having poſſeſs'd themſelves of *Grodno* in *Lithuania*, where King *Auguſtus* had appointed a Diet to meet in Conſultation for the Peace of that Kingdom: That *Sicily* is totally reduced, and that *Naples* is in great Danger of falling into the ſame Condition from the *Spaniards*, who are ſaid to be before hand with the *Imperialiſts*, and to be landed at *Gaeta*. The *Swedes*, moreover are in great likelyhood of making a ſucceſsful Invaſion upon the Kingdom of *Norway*, and theirs and the *Ruſſian* Fleet of 32 Men of War of the Line, ſeem to look towards a Conjunction.

Earneſt. Thou art always purting the worſt Face upon Affairs. Are not 25000 Men already upon the March from the Imperial Army in *Hungary*, for *Italy*, and as many more going to be detach'd for *Sileſia*, there to obſerve the Motions of the *Ruſſians*? Have not the latter more than their Hands full with new Embroilments, and the Troops of the Circle more than Troops ſufficient to rein-ſtate the Prince of *Heſſe Rhinfield* into the Town of that Name? Or can it be imagin'd that the *Danes Engliſh* and *Dutch* in the *Baltick*, or the *French* and *Engliſh* in the *Mediterranean*, will not be more than a Match for ſuch as ſhall dare to diſturb the Repoſe of thoſe Seas?

Jeſt. Imagin'd ſay you? I like not the Countenance of thoſe *Frenchmen*, they can never join heartily againſt the Intereſt of the Houſe of *Bourbon*, and when I call to remembrance how they ſerved us, in the laſt *Dutch* War, and ſtood aloof with their Squadron under *D E'ſtre*, and left us and the *Hollanders* to batter each other; I cannot but be apprehenſive of more ſcurvy Tricks from that Quarter.

Earneſt. You talk idly. No Prince breathing can be more ſtedfaſt in his Reſolutions to maintain and make good the Alliances he enters into, than his Royal Highneſs the Regent of *France*, whoſe Intereſt it is, to clip the Wings of the Ambitious Monarch of *Spain*, who may one Day have an Eye upon *France*, notwithſtanding his Renunciation of Right and Title to that Kingdom, which in caſe of the young King's Demiſe, falls to the *D.* of *Orleance*.

Jeſt. If the People of *France* are not of the ſame Mind with the Regent, you may chance to be miſtaken. But I have ſome home News for you, and a Story or two not yet ſet on Broach by any of our Writers of the Week or Day.

Earneſt. Thoſe are truly Things that belong more properly to our Sphere than Matters of State. Let us therefore for a while ſuſpend our Diſcourſe upon the *Tripple Alliance*, which is now like to be *Quadruple* by the coming in of the King of *Sicily*, after his Kingdom is departed from him, without the *Dutch*; and the Comments that might be made on the King of *Spain*'s Anſwer to Sir *George Bing*, viz. *that he the ſaid Admiral might purſue his Maſter's Orders* (which is truly very ſhort and haughty) for thoſe Domeſtick Articles of yours.

Jeſt. In the firſt Place then; This Letter in my Hand from a certain Correſpondent of mine, that like the Tatlers golliping Upholſterer, is ſcarce ever out of *St. James*'s Park, but is eternally

nally plying at the Head of the Mall for News, informs us. That a certain Lady of very great Quality, that has been more than once caught tripping in Intrigues of this Nature, very lately as ſhe was walking in Diſguiſe by fair *Roſomond*'s Pond, and giving herſelf ſome Airs, that let a handſome jolly young Citizen into a Gueſs at her Inclinations, was accoſted by him with a Compliment of drinking a Bottle of Wine, and accepted his Offer. It's eaſy to be appriz'd of the Conſequence of ſuch a private Inter-view, and that Youth and Vigour furniſh'd with an Opportunity of enjoying the moſt conſummate Beauty, would not let the Gentleman be idle on his Part, nor ſuffer the Lady who was true Fleſh and Blood, and no ways to be daunted, from a Courage ſhe poſſeſs'd from Right of Inheritance, at the ſight of a Man, to lie fallow on hers. In a Word, they both had the Contentment in each others Embraces, that it is natural for Lovers to receive, who make no Scruple of giving a full Looſe to their Appetite, howſoever criminal ſuch an Indulgence may be reputed amongſt Perſons of chaſter Diſpoſitions; and having repeated their Libations to *Venus*, till it was high Time to think of parting, they were taking leave of one another. When the Gentleman at ſo doing, call'd her Ladyſhip by her Name, for he knew both that and her Quality, which put her into a Surprize, and almoſt ſtagnated that Blood which had juſt before been more than ordinarily quick and precipitate in its Circulation. However, as ſhe wanted neither Courage, nor Preſence of Mind, under any Exigence, ſhe recover'd herſelf from her Affright, and taking out a Purſe with a Hundred Guineas in it, put it into the Hands of her humble Servant, enjoining him Secrecy, with Promiſes that her Perſon and her Pocket ſhould be his, upon all Occaſions; for that the want of an Heir Male, to inherit a vaſt Eſtate, which would go from her Children that were all Girls, had put her upon this Expedient, and ſhe could not doubt, but a Man who had ſo much Love in him, had an equal Proportion of Honour. But it ſeems ſhe was highly miſtaken, for the Coxcomb, ſuch his Folly proclaims him, had more Vanity than Ambition, and was no ſooner got among his Bottle Companions near the Royal Exchange, but tap'd the Secret, and gave vent to all that had paſs'd between them; ſo that both the one and the other are now become the whole Talk of the Town, ſhe for expoſing herſelf in ſo infamous a Manner to the Fruition of a Wretch that knew not how to ſet a right Value upon the Honour of ſo great a Condeſcenſion, and he for making Light of Favours, which there are Princes in the World have ſet the higheſt Value upon, and which the wrong uſe of, has made him the Jeſt, and Contempt of both Sexes.

Earneſt. Nor is he ſo made undeſervedly. Tho' it muſt be held confeſs'd, that a Lady join'd in Wedlock with a Perſonage of illuſtrious Blood and high Title, cannot but be inexcuſable for the Violation of Ties that have been ever eſteem'd ſacred in all Ages. Becauſe he has added Crime to Crime, and may poſſibly make ſuch Breaches in a Family that are irreconcilable. But I ſhall not believe every Thing that is ſent you for Truth; ſince Ill-will never ſpeaks well of any one, and this very Lady you ſeem to point at, happens by the Mother's ſide to have few Well-Wiſhers, how many ſoever ſhe may have by the Father's. Yet, let Matters ſtand how they will, common Juſtice bids mehope he will meet the due Reward, ſuch Prate a Paces ought to have, a Blanket, or a Good Oaken Towel.

Jeſt. I am altogether of your Opinion. He richly deſerves both.

Earneſt. In my time, (as I think, about the year 1680) there happen'd to be one Mr. *Iriſh*, or *Ireland*, afterwards Doctor, at the Univerſity of *Oxford*, and one of the Fellows of *All-Sauls* College: A Gentleman of a goodly Appearance, tall, and well ſhaped! hail and vigorous! one that was attractive of any Womans Love and Affections, tho' never ſo beautiful. Among others of the Fair Sex that caſt wiſhful Eyes upon him, a married Lady, who had no Fruits of the Nuptial Bed, nor could expect any from the ill State of Health her Husband labour'd under, had a Sight of him. An Eſtate of 7000 *l. per Annum* depended upon Iſſue Male from her Body, and ſhe was wreck'd between her Honour and her Deſires not to let it go into another Name, for a conſiderable Time, till at laſt the *Fleſh prevail'd over the Frailty of the Spirit*, and ſhe gave way to the Importunities of the one that got better of the weak Struggles of the other. In fine, ſhe goes to a Friends Houſe ſhe could confide in, ſends for the Doctor, tells him her Caſe

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and finds no Difficulty in him to comply with the Perſwaſions of Intereſt, and the Enjoyment of ſo lovely a Perſon, for no Woman breathing could have more Charms. Two or Three Days and as many Nights were ſpent in cohabiting together: When away went the Lady, after ſhe had made him a Preſent of Bills to the Value of 500 *l*, and given him Aſſurances of ſo much more every Year, provided, ſhe was brought to Bed of a Male Child, and he made no Enquiry concerning her Name, Place of Abode, Quality, *&c.* The Doctor made Vows of Silence and Obedience, and took his Leave of her; when ſomething after Nine Months were at an End, a Gentleman came to the Three Tun Tavern over againſt his College, and pay'd him down Five Hundred Pounds more; which ſet my Gentleman ſo much a *Cock-a-Hoop*, that he inſtantly forgot his Promiſes, and endeavour'd to trace out the Lady he was obliged to, ſo far, that it came to her Hearing. Hereupon what does ſhe? but to ſhew her Reſentment, order the ſame Gentleman, ſhe had placed Confidence in before, with others in Company, to give him, a Letter from her, ſignifying his Crime with the Forfeiture he had made of his future Penſion, and due Correction for his unpardonable Offence, which ended in a good *Thraſhing*, that taught him how to be leſs inquiſitive for the future.

Feſt. No doubt of it, but this will be the Fate of our Talkative Cit, who, tho' he has been laugh'd out of Town for the preſent, will return, at the Seaſon for Buſineſs, to receive what is due to his Demerits; but I have more Letters to you; one about an Apothecary, who being baulk'd of a Bridge-Maſters Place, now ſets up for a Diſtiller, and ſells Geneva and other Malt Spirits; another that concerns a Vintner near *Covent Garden*, fam'd for Singing after the *Italian* manner, and whipping his Cook-maids; and a Third, that ſays Things of a certain Pariſh Clerk, that are well worthy of being enquired into.

Earneſt. It is late now. Let them lie upon the Table againſt our next Meeting.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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